CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUR GROWS DARKER-BEREAVE

The family physician had failed Mr. Williams in his extremity, as he thought, and he concluded to send for a minister. Now Mr. Williams was not a churchgoing man, never had been. He was a worldly-minded, money-making, money-saving man; he had taken root in the coll and was growing downward; and saving man; he had taken root in the soil, and was growing downward; and had been, for many years, forgetful of his spiritual welfare. It was something novel for him to call on a minister in the church for advice and aid in his sore perplexity, but he did it. The man came at his call, a Methodist nanister, very zealous, a youngish man of small stature, and had family services with him. He read a chapter in the Bible, and knelt down to pray, and after a quite lengthy preface, he asked of God that the son might be delivered from the fearful de-

preface, he asked of God that the son might be delivered from the fearful delusion under which he was laboring, and come to know and honor his parents. Just as he finished that sentence, Frank picked the little man up, like he had been a baby, and seated him on a chair, and said to him very quietly—

"I have borne much of evil here in this house, where I had hoped to find a refuge; and I have borne bravely and well, too; but there is a limit to my forbearance, and I shall not suffer yo to insult the God you profess to serve, by telling him a falsehood. Some time you will know that I tell you the truth, when I tell you I am not that man's son. will know that I tell you the truth, when I tell you I am not that man's son. Now, if you are disposed to pray that my uncle may have his eyes opened, that he may see how unjust and cruel he is, that he may see himself as I see him, you may pray, but not else."

* * "O dear, O dear," said Mr. Williams, "I fear that he will become abusive."

"You need have no fears of that," aid Frank; "I have been wronged, tradue!, slandered, imprisoned unjustly, do it almy God given rights, handenfied, and abused in almost every way, and ye. I have been guilty of nothing that a Christian gentleman might be ashamed of." * * *

of." * * *

Time passed on, and the hour became darker, and Frank more weary. He could not flee, and by an effort to do so he would only draw upon himself fresh abuse, and perhaps the incarceration in the mad-house, that he dreaded. He thought that he had better wait; and he did wait, day after day. He had written to his cousin, he had written to Jane Smith. A letter might reach him from either, any day. And he watched the mail with the utmost solicitude, running in eager haste at every arrival, and rein eager haste at every arrival, and returning each time more depressed. He waited, watched, hoped, and prayed, and finally, in an evil hour, despaired, and said, "Surely, I am mad. Surely, I dreamed all this about my cousin Frank and Aunt Jane and Mona Lizz. And I do wonder if I ever shall awaken and know that I have been dreaming. O, in eager haste at every arrival, and redreamed all this about my cousin Frank and Aunt Jane and Mona Liza. And I do wonder if I ever shall awaken and know that I have been dreaming. One, I shall never awake. They have pounded and punched me enough to arouse anything but the seven sleepers. Ch, I shall never wake up. And, oh, those strong men, so many of them, that are ever in my tracks, ever watching me. Were it not for the drerded watch set upon me, I think that I should not be so weary. Oh, shall I ever see my queen any more?"

Weeks of this irksome life went by,

Weeks of this irksome life went by Weeks of this irksome life went by, and Frank walked out one day, and came in feeling very tired, in mind and body. He could scarce set one foot before the other; he could scarce raise his hand. He lay down on the bed. Soon he made an effort to rise, and could not. Frank was sick. He was burning with fever, and wildly delirious. The neighbors were summoned, the doctor was called, and all was done for him what skill and love could do; but all availed. akill and love could do; but all availed nothing. The sick man raved from morning till night, from night till morn-ing. He would call out sometimes "Remove the watchmen, I cannot bear the watch set upon me." And then again he would call, hour after hour, "O, Frank, come home. O, Frank, come home, come home." And then again he would talk about his aunt Jane, and Miss Smith, as if he awaited their coming, and realized all the difficulties of their journey. "Oh," he would say, "they never can climb the mountains, with never can climb the mountains, with their little white feet. O, there is a mighty river, and no boat. O, the enemighty river, and no boat. O, the enemy will destroy them, O, come Frank, and then I can go and meet Mona Liza. Scad those men away, and let me be free once more. I will go, I will go," and he would start forward; but strong men would hold him fast, and then he would would hold him fast, and then he would say: "I will wait and watch for their coming, watch for their coming;" he coming, watch for will know them; would say: "You will know them; Frank looks just like me, and Mona Liza is very fair and beautiful, and Miss Jane Smith is one in a thousand, will know them. Tell me when come. They will come. They will all sick man grew worse instead of better, and on the ninth day that look passed upon his face that comes but once, and is unmistakable. The hand of death was unmistakable. The hand of death vi-laid upon him, and he started up wildly, with wide, staring eyes, and said: "They have come, they have all come," and fell

course of people looked upon the still form, beautiful in its sleep, that can know no waking till earth and sea give up their dead, yet none disamed the truth. He was buried as the son and heir, and mourned as such. Poor Frank bad mourners, but never a true one folthe bosom and hid in her heart. And the father believed that he had buried his only son; and he went about hat some thing haunted, for he said:

and a sorrowth letter twist too. And I have encountered almost every conceivable hardship to reach this place. Where is my Frank?" And she turned toward Thomas Williams and demanded

"Was I not hard, on the poor poy.

There was something strange about the matter, mother, for he was right in every-thing else, and he held that though to the last moment in his life; for, just before he breathed his last, I heard him say. 'Poor, darling aunty; how she will mourn!' Yes, alas, poor aunty!"

Just three days after the funeral of the nephew, the son and heir reached to our Frank."

"Of course this is your Frank, I met avening." "Was I not hard on the poor boy?

There lived Dr. Wilson, that he loved next to his father, and he went into the office. Twilight was settling down over the landscape, and facre were shadows in the corners of the rooms, and the "I expect he s dean, I expect this is our Frank." "Of course this is your Frank, I met him at the hotel in town, last evening, just on his way home. Tell me where I can find my Frank," returned Mrs. Smith.

"I expect he s dean, I expect this is

Anderson

Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

nd said:
"Miss Nellie be a dyin', sir."

"Miss Nellie dying," said the husband; and he flew, rather than ran, into the house, and found his wife pale, faint, and trembling from head to foot.

"What, O what is this that has hap-

pened to my pearl of pearls, my darling," cried the nusband. "Speak, O speak, my love, my life!"
"Ob, Frank has come back," said

Nellie.

"Frank come back," said the husband,
"I thought Frank was dead and buried.
I was not expecting him back."

"Nor I," said Nellie; "but he was
never dead. We were all mistaken."

"You were all a precious set of fools then," said Mr. Brown.

"That's just what we were," replied

Nellie.

The husband sat down and thought a little while, and then said: "My wife, I love you more than anything else in the world, more than everything else, more than I do myself, but I love you unselfishly; and I will do anything possible to promote your happiness; and if you still love Mr. Williams, and he still loves you, I will give you a divorce quietly, and you can marry him. I will do even that, if it breaks my heart and costs me my life."

"O! O!" shricked the wife, "don't talk so; you will drive me mad."
"O! O! O! You don't want a divorce, then?" said the husband.

"Want a divorce! No! everlasting no!" shricked Netlie.

hunt up, my darling, to distress you."
"But you never said so much about your love for me before," said Nellie.

band," and thus it was.

Days, weeks and menths came and went, and those two, who had been stricken down together in sorrow, and had been companions in grief, learned slowly, but surely, that they were necessary to each other. Frank was unhappy when away from Mona Liza, and she was restless when Frank was cone.

when away from Mona Liza, and she was restless when Frank was gone. Jane Smith marked the growing attachment between them, and smiled a sad, weary smile, and whispered "that is as it should be. My life is over, my work is done."

And when one day Mona Liza went to to her, and said, "Aunty, dear, would it be right for me to love our Frank, and marry shim, and be happy, when ray Frank lies cold in his grave?"

"Can you recall the dead?" said Jane Smith.

"Oh, no, aunty, if I could have done that I should long ago," said Mona. "Can you die with the dead?" said the

"Without sin? No. I should be

suicide were I to die now," Mona re

"Well, then, it is your duty to live with the living," said Jane Smith.— "Send Frank to me."

"Frank came, and the woman said "Is the old love dead?"

"Burned to ashes long ago," replied the young man. "Much as I suffered

"And you love this beautiful child of my heart," said the woman.

"I more than love her—I love and

worship her. She was the angel that hovered about me in that dark hous, and

"I give her to you," said the woman
"My life is over, my werk is done."
And the day of the bridal came, and

wodding bells pealed, and brave men and fair women passed into the old church and looked at that man and woman pledge themselves to each other for life

and it was a day of rejoicing far and near; for the strange story of their woes had been told and retold till every child had learned it by heart for miles around;

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but he turned away. And thinking that he needed a little rest and his supper before traveling further, he entered the one hotel that the little town boasted of. He noticed that the people eyed him curiously, but he reflected that he was the reflected t

turning soldier, and accounted for the wide eyed stare in that way. But just as he was crossing the hall, he saw a half-grown boy looking at him so earnestly that he was induced to say: ly that he was induced to say:

"What is it, my boy?"

"I was just a wonderin'," said the boy,

"how you got all that dirt off of you that
was piled down so tight, and the coffin
opened, and got up, and out, so clean
and nice. And I want you to teil me,
for if ever I die, and I know I shall, for
everybody does, I want to break out,
too."

"I cannot tell you what you ask, for I was never dead and buried," replied

"Sir!" said the boy, "I seed you, a few days ago, put in a hole in the ground, with these two eyes. You can't cheat

Frank passed on a little farther, and a woman, somewhat past middle age, came running toward him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him and called him her dear son.
"Madam," said Frank, "you are labor-

ing under a mistake; I am not your son, and I never saw you before."

The lady fainted and fell to the floor. The lady fainted and left to the hoor.
Then a young lady, beautiful as a dream
of Eden, came out of the room on his
right trembling and frightened, and bent
over the fallen woman. Then she looked
at Frank and said:

her and conveying her to her room?" They laid her on the bed, and they hen applied restoratives. When the then applied restoratives. When the woman opened her eyes, the cong lady turned to Frank and said: "My aunt

mistook you for her nephew, Frank Williams; but you are, I suppose, the cousin that Frank wrote to us about."

"Yes," replied Frank, "I am the cousin, his double. He wrote to me of the many mistakes that had occurred, and begged me to come home. Here is his letter, and perhaps his aunt would like to read it," and Frank gave into her hands the letter that he had received du-

ring his sickness.

And these two women were Jane Smith and Mona Liza. They were seeking Frank, and had reached that point just a few moments before Frank, the son and heir. They were very much fatigued, and there were no means of conveyance, and they had concluded to remain where and they had concluded to remain where they were till morning. Frank promised to return for them in the morning. After Frank had rested a little, and had his supper, he set out for home, on foot. He was light-hearted and happy, and thinking all the way of Nellie, and saying, over and over, to himself, "To-morrow I shall see Nellie—darling Nellie." Oh! Frank you know not what a day

His father took down a gun and called

"Leave these premises or I will shoot you down like a dog; you are frightening my wife to death."

"I am your son Frank, just come home, and want to come in," was returned.

The man dropped his gun and dropped on his knees, but as the knocking and shouting continued he soon rallied, and shouted back:

"One word more and you are a dead."

"One word more and you are a dead Frank's head grow dizzy, and his senses seemed deserting him, but he called again:

"I am Frank, you own Frank." For

answer a bullet whizzed past him. And lest he should be shot by his own father he turned away, and thought that he would go over to Mr. Green's. But as he was passing down the hill he met a boy, and said to him, "Please stop a moment, I wish to speak with you."

The boy looked at him keenly by the moonlight and cried out, "Lord God Almighty, save me," and he fled like the wind.

wind.

"Well, I suppose that he did not know me, but why he should fear me is more than I can tell," said Frank. "Every one seems frightened at me, and I think that I will not go to Mr. Green's. Perhaps he might think me a burglar, for it is getting late, and shoot me. I will is getting late, and shoot me. is getting late, and shoot me. I will turn back, and sleep in the barn; perhaps the horses and cattle will not seare at me. And to-morrow will bring all right."

He went to the barn, threw himself

He went to the barn, threw himself down on a pile of hay, and slept till morning. And, O, that morning—that was to them an ever-to-be-remembered morning. Frank went up to the house about sunrise, and saw his father and mother both standing on the piazza. At sight of him his mother fainted, and fell to the floor; and his father made no effort to sneak to his son, or raise his fallen wife, but cowered and started like a mad man. Just at that moment too. a mad man. Just at that moment, too, Jane Smith, and Mona Lizs were set down by the mail-carrier at the door. Frank raised his mother and began to chare ner hands, and Jane Smith ran in, and rendered assistance, saying, as she did so, "It was the sight of you, of course, Frank, that made her faint. No wonder, poor dear! She has had a hard faint—almost death. I could not well." went home, with aching hearts, crying out, "I am bereaved; I am bereaved."

And they were bereaved, for a more loyal heart thin the one that had been stilled by death, never beat in a human bosom. And that mother assisted in nursing that man through mertal sickness, saw him sarrayed in the grave's garniture, and laid in the tomb, and still believed that he was once the babe that she cradled in her bosom and hid in her heart. And

"I exp. ct, I think," said the man-

could, and he put up his hand and said, with chattering teeth:

"Back! back! I never harmed you."

The young man took a step forward, and reached out his hand. But the old man retreated, shivering as with ague.

Frank was satonished at this reception, but he turned away. And thinking that he needed a little rest and his supper beabout like a wild man, first to one, and then to another of these poor, suffering creatures. He lifted his mother from the floor and laid her upon a lounge, and he lifted Miss Smith and laid her upon a bed; and they began soon to show signs of consciousness; and then he examined his father, and ascertained that he was paralyzed. He then approached Mona Liza, and said, "Be calm. We know nothing yet certainly in regard to tais matter. You see the situation that my father is in; he may have stated the matter truly, and he may not. He has been in a very strange situation. Frank may be dead and he may not. We will ascertain the truth at the earliest possible point of time. And now, I wish you to be calm, and do what you can for these afflicted people, while I summon the

ble point of time. And now, I wish you to be calm, and do what you can for these afflicted people, while I summon the neighbors and call a physician."

Frank went to the barn, saddled a fleet horse, and threw himself into the saddle, and set out for the village on a wild gallop. As he passed the nearest neighbor's house he called, and requested them to go to Mr. Williams' and assist in waiting on the sick ones. They promised to attend the call, and Frank, remembering the fatal mistake that had occurred—the fatal similarity between his cousin and himself, pulled off his coat and drew down his hat over his eyes, and as far disguised himself as was practicable in the haste required; for he believed that what was done to alleviate his father must be done soon. Dr. Wilson was a man sixty years of age, but his natural force was not abated—in truth he was a stouter man than he had been at thirty; and soon, very soon, he was by the paralyzed man. Ellen was moving about and soon, very soon, he was by the paralyzed man. Ellen was moving about again, and the Doctor said:

"You know, Mrs. Williams, that your

husband cannot bear excitement. He has had some terrible shock. What has he met with to throw him into this condition?"

"Do you not know," faltered the wohas come home?"
"Your Frank has come home," said

"Your Frank has come home," said the doctor. "Then who was that man that we buried a few days ago?"
"He was a consin—the son of my husband's brother."
"A precious set of fools we have all been," returned the doctor.
"We have been more than fools," replied Mrs. Williams, "we have been wicked. We were guilty of a great wrong toward that poor boy, that fled to us from his Virginia home. And he is dead, and it can never be righted."
The paralyzed man appeared a little The paralyzed man appeared a little better toward evening, he breathed more freely, and manifested some slight consciousness, and Mrs. Smith and Mona Liza had become quiet and Mrs. Williams was attending to her sick husband, in apparent health, and Frank began to make his toilet, thinking to call on Elinore Marsh.

nore Marsh.
"Please do not leave us this evening." "Please do not leave us this evening," said his mother.
"Why, mother, I must see Nellie; you know that I must," replied Frank.
"Please defer your visit till to-morrow; at least you can do that much," pleaded his mother.

"Mother," said Frank, "you have some reason that I do not understand for your persistence. What is it? Do you think persistence. What is that father is worse?"

"No," replied the woman, "I think father will be up and about in a few "Tell me, mother, please, at once, why you do not wish me to see my betrothed this evening," said Frank, walking up close to his mother.

The mother's face was as white as a

The mother's face was as white as a lily leaf; her eyes were unnaturally bright; her hands worked nervously, but she did not answer him.

"Are you sick, mother?" said Frank, laying his hand on the braided bands encircling the beautiful head, and caressing her. She burst into tears, and wrung her hands in a weak halpless manner. her hands in a weak, helpless manner.

"Will you not answer me, mother? You certainly can have no aversion to Nellie, my own Nellie. You told me once that you could receive her as a daughter." "O, Frank, Frank, please give her up; please cease to love her," wailed the

"Preposterous," cried Frank.

"Preposterous," cried Frank. "You surely cannot be serious, mother. Cease to love Nellie! I could not do that if I would; and I would not if I could. My dear mother, my love for Miss Marsh is part of my heart—part of my life."

"O, I am so sorry; I regret that it is so," said his mother. "Remain with us just this day out, please, my son." "Mother, darling mother, my good lit-tle mother, I could do almost anything in this world for you. I will even under-take to surround the North Pole at your

bidding, but this I cannot, mother mine. I must see my betrothed, almost my wife. My first duty is to her, and mother dear, My first duty is to her, and mother dear, your request appears to me absurd."

"O, if you will not wait, I shall be compelled to acquaint you with the dreadful truth," shrieked the agonized woman. "O tell him, Jennie, I never can," she said, turning to Mrs. Smith.

"Will you," said Frank, "inform me, if you know, why my mother is so distreased?"

treased?"
"I know," said the pale, suffering wo man, "why she wishes you to refrain from visiting Miss Marsh."

"Will you please speak out plainly?" said Frank, "and do away with this suspense? I never could bear suspense with equanimity in my life." "There is no more a Miss Marsh to love or cherish," said Mrs. Smith, "they

"Dead!" whispered Frank, shivering as with an ague.
"Married!" said the weman.

"O, my God, hast thou, too, forgetten me," shricked Frank, while the warm blood flowed from his mouth and nose, and his face wore the ashen hue o The women laid each a hand upo

The women laid each a hand upon him, and fain would have spoken words of consolation, but the ear was deaf, and the lips mute, after that one wild cry, and the strong man seemed turned to stone. They summoned aid, laid him upon a couch, and still they continued to summon aid, for the man that had faced an armed host unflinchingly, and had not quailed amid the fearful rain of death-dealing balls on the deaf field of had not qualled amid the fearful rain of death-dealing balls on the dead field of blood-red slaughter, seemed to be slain by the falsehood of woman. The good old Doctor was in requisition again; and for ten days and nights Frank was sick with brain fever, and in the delirium, he cried out, time after time, hour after hour:

sp, as if the words were jerked forth:
"I expect he's dead, I expect this is
ir Frank."
"They have all forgotten me—they
have all forgotten me; God has forgotten me. I am bereft; I am abandoned;

I am undone."

Jane Smith, in her deep sorrow, made every effort in her power to alleviate his sufferings; and Mona Liza wiped the If the corners of the rooms, and the "I exp. ct. I think," said the man, from from his fips, with her own fair miliating hands hamps were not yet lighted. The old Doctor backet up and saw "zyoung man Jane Smith fainted, and Mrs. Williams conscious man with the briny tears born forgive ourselve bowing and rifling, as only our Frank foll/into another swoon, and Mona Liza of her utter woe; and strong men from to our graves."

"Where has what flown to?" said the Doctor.

"Oh," replied Frank, "the angel that hovered about me, upholding me."

"It is not far away. It will come back soon," said the Doctor.

"Bid it stay, Doctor," said Frank, "bid it stay near me, lest I die."

"I will, I will," replied the Doctor.

And Frank slept again, quietly as a babe, and soon, very soon, our Frank was well and strong again.

LOOKING UPON THE DEAD-AND VARI

of going, coming, buying, selling, eating, drinking, and such like little things, that make up life. And all these people bear firmly and quietly their life-burdens; and we, looking at them, will fail to see their riven hearts. OUS OTHER MATTERS. Jane Smith persisted in her determination to look upon the corpse of the man t hat had been laid away so long; for she said, "It is just possible that it is not my Frank that was buried, and I will never accept the testimony of others. I will see with my own eyes what thing has been done." And men were gathered together one week after the funeral

ered together one week after the funeral to raise and open the coffin, that she might look upon what was within. All vainly they tried to dissuade her.

The women told her again and again, that she ought to be, and might be entirely satisfied with the evidence before her, that it was none other than her nephew, for he himself had asserted that he was no other than Frank Williams—son of Francis and Mary Williams, of Virginia. And they even sought to deter her by frightening her. They said that if she and Mona Liza dared to look upon a body that had been put away such a length of time, they would surely die.

"We are both prepared to die," she replied.

plied.
And the work went on, and the coffin was opened, and with dry eyes and unfaltering quiet they both looked upon the clay of the loved one. And Jane requested them to remove the stocking from the right foot of the corpse, "For," said she, "my Frank had lost the small toe of the right foot."

The men obeyed her, and they saw that it was even as she had said, the toe

that it was even as she had said, the too had been removed when he was a child. When she saw that foot, she said:

"That was my Frank, my beautiful
and loyal-hearted Frank. Lower the
coffin again, and spread dust over dust,"

and it was done.

The bereaved women remained at Thos. Williams' home for many months. They had abandoned the South.

They had abandoned the South.

And when our Frank passed out of the sick room, and looked sheat him again, and took up the burden of life, he saw Mona Liza. And he looked at the beautiful woman, with her eyes of light, her full, flowing curis, thrown back from her polished brow, her cheek like ivory with a rose crushed upon it, and her litbe, faultless form, and her graceful step, light and free, like the fawn's in its native wildness, and thought that he had never looked upon a more lovely woman. He did not except even the loved and lost, Miss Marsh. And there was about Miss Smith a pene vaness born of her sorrow that enhanced her loveliness. And he said within himself, just as the other Frank had often said, "She is every inch a queen." But when he spoke to her he said nothing of all this, but he said, "Miss Smith, I have been thinking of your great sorrow, and I have thought, again and again, that it is so much more endurable than my own that I could even exchange with you and gain by it, if exchanges in such matters were possible. My good, true cousin lived and died if exchanges in such matters were possi-ble. My good, true cousin lived and died loving you truly, faithfully. And—

The love where death has set his seal, Nor time can hange nor rival steal, Nor taschood disavow.

You even have something to be proud of in your utter bereavement. I can realize what your sorrow must be. I think I can, for all my life I have longed for a brother, and I have lost my brother. For I feel that as a brother I could have lowed my cousin. In truth I have felt utterly unable to bear that great loss,"

"I have had just such thoughts," re-

plied Mona, "as you have entertained in plied Mona, "as you have entertained in regard to my sorrow in regard to yours. I have thought that your sorrow is so much lighter than my own. There is nothing of gloom in your sorrow. Nellie is alive and happy, and you can see her if you choose. True, she is lost to you as a wife, but Nellie was never false, Your sorrow was the result of the great mistake of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.—They claimed your course as their see. They claimed your cousin as their son, and she was deceived. She thought that you were false and that she was jilted. She was at heart true as steel, for she loved your cousin, even when under the mistaken idea that he was the man that mistaken idea that he was the man that she had loved and promised to marry. Miss Marsh was to be pitted, not cen-sured, for doubtless she suffered much. And she married rashly and in haste, to

And she married rashly and in haste, to repent, perhaps, at leisure."

"Oh," said Frank, "I think you are in error there. I think that Nellie cannot possibly repent her marriage, for her husband is one of a thousand. He is a prince among men. If there is a man upon earth that I could have given the the woman I loved as my life to, he is that same Mr. Brown that she married. Yet I think that if Nellie had died, I believe I could have borne that better than leve I could have borne that better than

this."
"O, Frank," said Miss Smith, "any-thing but death. Dearly as I loved Frank, I could have sent him to marry another woman, rather than borne this, and I could have smiled. But it is so hard to think of Frank, cold and dead.

"And I have temptations, too," said Frank. "Sometimes I feel like wresting Nellie from her husband." "Would she be your Nellie, the Nellie of old?" said Mona.
"Never, never," replied Frank; "Nellie is as truly and entirely lost to me as if dead."

"Let her be buried, then," said Miss "I will, I will," said Frank. * * and every heart of fiesh rejoiced at the "And to-morrow," he continued, "we happy union, that promised peace. And will plant some flowers on that loved again Jane Smith said, "..., life is over

my work is done."

A few days after the marriage of Frank Williams and Mona Liza Smith, Frank entered the room where Jane Smith was sitting, with a new light in his every state of the sta And when the morrow was come they two went together to plant flowers upon the grave. And they sat down beside the grave and conversed about the spirit world, and wondered if the man who had been so loved in life, whose memory was so precious, could know, in his far-way home, of their love and their griefs.

Thomas Williams slowly but surely struggled back again to a good degree of health. And then he and afrs. Williams and the good old Doctor talked over the whole matter in regard to the dreadful mistake—the fatal mistake—that they had made, and the bitterness that it had. his eye, and a joyous smile upon his ip, and he at down beside her, and said:
"Are we to infer from the fact that we fit d you unmarried, that you disapprove of parriage?"
"Far from it," replied Jane. "I con

"Far from it," replied Jane. "I consider marriage a duty, a responsibility devolving upon human beings."

"Then, why do you not marry?"

"O, Frank," she cried, "you have gone mad, surely. Why, man, I am forty-five." had made, and the bitterness that it had brought to many; and they bewailed themselves and deplored their cruelty to the beloved and beautiful dead. They remembered the watch that so annoyed him, that he begged them to remove "God may forgive us but we never can forgive ourselves. We shall go mourning

Jane Smith did not repine in her sorrow; but she fell into a habit of saying,
"My life is over; my work is done."
And she was a mournful, shadowy thing,
with her white, unsmiling face, and her
slender hands. There are some wrongs
too deep, and some sorrows too bitter to
be spoken of in this world, and such
were those of that household. They
rarely spoke of the past. The world
does not stop when our loved offes die, of
deal treacherously, and the sun shines
just as brightly over the grass-grown
graves and lettered marble, as over the
bridal procession—the blessing and blest.
And there will be, while we live, a round
of going, coming, buying, selling, eating, strange things do happen. Nine days' wonders occur, and still the world moves; and I have said all this because I have found a good man, that I love, that wants you and needs you; and I ask you to give me your solemn promise that you will act the lady, once in your life—just this once." this once."
"As if I had not been a quiet lady all

"As if I had not been a quiet lady all my life," returned the woman.
"O, I mean in regard to this one matter," explained Frank.
"I promise," said she. Frank went away, and in the course of half an hour returned, attended by a noble looking, though bronzed and weather-beaten man of fifty or fifty-five years of age, whom he presented, saying:

man of fifty or fifty-five years of age, whom he presented, saying:

"Miss Smith, Mr. Thompson."

The blood all receded from Jane Smith's lips, cheeks and brow, and she grasped a chair for support; for there before her stood the lost love of her youth. And the man took up the thread of their lives just where it had been broken, and said:

"I have come again, Jennie, darling; an evil fate parted us and kept us apart a long time, but we meet again."

And these two are passing down the stream of time hand in hand, and their tardy marriage seems to have renewed

riven hearts.

One day, soon after Frank's return home, Mr. Brown heard the dinner-bill ringing, peal after peal, at an inopportune hour. He listened, and heard half a dozen persons shouting his name at the top of their voices. He was quite a distance from his house, sud he was alarmed and said: "Surely there is fire out, and human beings perishing in the flames," and he ran toward the increasing din, in fear and trembling. The little colored help met him at the yard-gate, and said: tardy marriage seems to have renewed them in every feature. They are so hap-py that they have a happifying influence upen all who meet them.

> HOW VISITORS TALK ABOUT US Observations of the Visiting Vinticulturists as Outlined by Col. Alken.

Speaking of Sumter they say: "This town of about 2,500 inhabitants is situated immediately upon the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, forty miles from Columbia, one hundred and thirty-five from Wilmington, N. C., and one hundred and forty from Charleston; it has many local advantages, and is surrounded with a growth of trees inexpressibly beautiful, while its tasteful flower gardens fill the air with a fragrance that reminds us of the fairy land. The kind and hospitable treatment we received at the hands of the citizens was characteristic of that old at d noted reputation of Scuth Carolina." Perhaps no part of the State impressed this committee more favorably as a grape growing section than the High Hills of Santee, and they were equally well impressed with the water power, timber and soil. From Sumter the committee went to Florence, and thence to Society Hill, of which they water the committee went to which they water they want to some the committee went to the committee Florence, and thence to Society Hill, o which they speak as extravagantly as they do of Sumter, and reiterate their praises of the hospitality of the people, both black and white.

From Society Hill they went to

figured by the ruthless hand of war, it has risen from its ashes, and is to-day unsurpassed for "eauty of locality, residences and healthfulness of climate, by any town or city of the same size, that your love for me before," said Nellie.

"Why, no, I suppose not. I am a quiet man—perhaps too mu... so. I think very many nice things that I never tell. But let me tell you, Nellie, once for all time, that a host of armed men could not take you from me. And I do hope that Frank will not be unhappy," and the husband returned to his work, and Nellie said: "He is so noble, so good and true. God has blessed me in a husband," and thus it was.

Days, weeks and menths came and

we have ever seen."

They speak quite accurately of the public buildings of the city, and give somewhat in detail a statement of the taxes, appropriations, especially for the free schools, and our system of administering the State Government. The water power of the canal is highly commended.

Newberry was their next place of halting for a night, and they were most favorably impressed there with the change in the country from what they had already seen, and were particularly impressed with the increased area of small grain as they advanced up the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and with heautiful cloves next because and with beautiful clover patches seen on all sides. The free and easy, open and candid manner in which they were met, too, by the citizens, particular y touched them. They say: "Newberry is the county seat, and centrally located in a county seat, and centrally located in a county of the same name; it has a population of about 1,500, equally divided between the two races. Churches and school-houses are numerous, and one prominent building in the town is the Lutheran College, which no has seventy scholars."

* ABBEVILLE.

"On the 18th April we visited quite on the 1sth April we visited quite a rolling country, ten miles north of Cokesbury, on Saluda River, where we found on that river a grand water-power, only utilized in turning an old-fashioned overshot wheel for a flour and grist p.nl. This river is 600 feet wide here, never freezes salden less even in even in freezes, seldom less, even in summer, than 500 feet width of water, never overflows, and, in a distance of one mile, has a fall of 100 feet. The location for factories is here unsurpassed; lands cheap, climate and water superior."

On the 19th April the committee visited the Savannah side of Abbéville county, and were much pleased with what is known as the Flat Woods country. They were held enchanted when they entered the yard and saw the remains of the old house in which John C. Calhoun was born; and when they visited the family burying-ground, and saw with what care every grave had been preserved, and the monuments erected by the munificence of Calhoun himself, they were struck with a silent admiration.

of Calhona himself, they were struck with a silent admiration.

Of the Flat Woods they say: "This whole country is a delightful location for a colony; the soil is dark gray mulatto; composed of disintegrated granite with a clay base; the country is rolling and easily cultivated and productive; a large portion of this land is now ready and at once available for cultivation and is once available for cultivation and im-

"This County is blessed with a fence law, which, depriving it of those dilapidated fences and briery fence corners, gives it an appearance of their that makes it very attractive. The Court House or county seat is contrally locamakes it very attractive. The Court House, or county seat, is centrally located, and is surrounded by a fine, rolling country that seems more productive than what we have heretofore seen. The altitude of this County, its perfect elimate and healthfulness, its productive soil, its words of truth and soberness when I say that if you are sixty-five, and find some good man that wants you, and needs you, why not marry him?" said Frank.

"Why," replied Jane, "it would seem so strange for a maiden lady of my age to get married."

"I grant all that," said Frank, "but side of that," said Frank, "but side of the State for agricultural purposes. No place that we have ever seen presents more induces means to the energetic, industrious immigrant than Anderson County, whether he wishes to grow the vine, fruit, amall grain, corn or cotton, and we were fold the country for the State for agricultural purposes. No place that we have ever seen presents more induces means to the energetic, industrious immigrant than Anderson County, whether he wishes to grow the vine, fruit, amall grain, corn or cotton, and we were fold the country for the state of a sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now in Memphis, They have two other child

tobacco grows well in that soil and cli-

WALHALLA.

They speak thus of Walhalla: "It is a long town, with but few cross streets, and has about one thousand population, nearly one-half of whom are Germans. It is located at the present terminus of the Blue Ridge Railroad, in a country heavily timbered with hard wood; the soil is dark red, and seems productive; but a small proportion of the county, in which Walhalla is, is under cultivation, and thousands of acres of its lands are offered at very low prices. The climate must be especially fine, for it is just at the edge of the Blue Ridge, and is perceptibly cooler than the lower portions of the State."

GREENVILLE.

GREENVILLE.

The next point to which the committee wended their journey was Greenville, where they say the same cordial welcome was given them by the citizens. Through the kindness of the Mayor they were enabled to see the surrounding country as far as Paris Mountain, and to visit the factories of the town. Here they met with a Swiss family that impressed them with a Swiss family that impressed them with the ease with which a living can be made in that portion of South Carolina, for, say they in their report, "here we met a German-Swiss family, the parents and eleven children, who have, by their own industry, secured themselves a home of five acres of land, upon which they have a good vegetable garden, strawberries, a vineyard, and are making a good living." They moreover say: "This town, with her water-power and factories and railreads and street cars, is certainly thriving, and will be, ere long, quite a popular city."

SPARTANBURG. From Greenville, the committee went to Spartanburg, from which place they visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and were impressed with the proficiency of the scholars. They were then taken to some of the factories and water powers in the vicinity of the town. As they say in their report, we repeat here: "Why should this not be the most flourishing section in the United States?" We can see no reason why, and really believe it will be at no distant day, if we can induce a tide of immigration of the proper kind of inhabitants, and this we certainly can do if the citizens will only wake up to the necessity of doing something for themselves, and not wait for others to come and do it for them.

From Spartanburg the committee went into North Carolina, as far as the head of the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, spent a pleasant night there with a From Greenville, the committee we

road, spent a pleasant night there with a Northern man who has astiled here within the past five years, and returned to Spatianburg, and after returning thanks at public meeting to the citizens for than kindness and unbounded hospitality, they left for Washington City.

Wall, am I to understand by that that you love this old curmudgeon a mite or two?" queried Mr. Brown.

"O, I love you all, all, and no one else at all."

"Not even Frank?" said the husband. "Not even Frank?" replied Nellie. "And if I ever did love him it was so long ago that I have forgotten it."

"Well, you have me, and profess to love me; what is the trouble?" said Mr. Brown.

"O, I was frightened. I was afraid that you would cast me off," returned Nellie.

"Cast you off, child. Nothing in the world could induce me to cast you off, unless it were your wish," returned the man. "What a ridiculous idea you old hunt up, my darling, to distress you."

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"On the world could induce me to cast you off, unless it were your wish," returned the man. "What a ridiculous idea you old hunt up, my darling, to distress you."

"On the set of the year with the vicinity of Cheraw they had found a hate the redicived they had found a hate the redicived they had found a hate the redicived they had found a hate of the colling the report, the committees and unbounded hospitality, they left for Washington City.

Summarizing their report, the committees and were very much pleased with this, to them, new and strange industry. They were particularly struck with the tall, limbless plnes, with nothing but "top-knot of long, bushy pine straw."

COLUMBIA.

From Cheraw our visitors came back their impressions by using their own language, to wit: "There are many places and unbounded hospitality, they left for Washington City.

Summarizing their report, the committees and unbounded hospitality, they left for Washington City.

Summarizing their report, the committees and visit planting in the say: "We should be recreated to the duty imposed if we did not express our beartfelt thanks for the many tokens of the cast, with nothing but "top-knot of long, bushy pine straw."

"On the first po

is peculiar and most favorable. Lying immediately under the mountains, with a broad coutheastern seacoast, the climate bread coutheastern seacoast, the climate is luxurious. Spring and autome are delightful; winter short and never excessively cold, summer warm out never oppressively hot for a continued length of time. The forests are inexhaustible, and the open but uncultivated lands are counted by the thousands of acres. The virgin soil is rich, and much that has been warn out can be accepted.

been worn out can be easily reclaimed. The products are all that will grow in the temperate zone, and with many of the vegetables, especially the Irish po-tato, two crops can be easily grown in one season. On the southern coast are almost in x haustible beds of phosphates that are invaluable fertilizers. traverse the State in every direction only two counties being without them out of the thirty-three counties in the State.

A Case of Circumstantial, Evidence.—Nearly a year ago a wealthy merchant named Rozier was robbed and murdered near Sparta, Gs., whilst on his way from his store to his residence in the evening. The body was alleged to have been discovered by the town marshal, a man named Griggs, and two companions, named Lovett and Barnes. It was found that Mr. Rozier had been atruck on the head with some blunt instrument, which had crushed in without breaking the skull. The stories told by the three men did not agree, supposed inconsistencies were detected in them, and the suspicion was excited that Griggs and his friend; were themselves the murderers, and a number of circumstances derers, and a number of circumstance having been adduced calculated to este derers, and a number of circumstances having been adduced calculated to establish the guilt of the prisoners, they were convicted and sentenced to death. The enforcement of the penalty has been postponed from time to time, mainly through the earnest, devoted efforts of Marshal Grigg's wife, who has persisted in avowing her conviction of her husband's innecence. Her pleading induced an experienced detective to take hold of the case, and it is now tolerable hold of the case, and it is now tolerable certain that the marger was committeed, not by the condemned men, but by the roughs attached to a circus that was at the time playing in the neighborhood. Mr. Rozier was known to have had a valuable watch and revolver is his pos-session, and these could not be traced. session, and these could not be traced. The watch has now been recovered, and everything points to the certainty that the murderers were the circus men against whom suspicion has for some time been directed,

THE FAMILY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. THE FAMILY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

-Mrs. Davis is described as being at present a very stout, very intelligent and very amiable-looking woman. Her face is round, she has a large and expansive mouth and black hair, streaked with gray. She is kindhearted, and is said by gray. She is kindhearted, and is said by a correspondent of the Chicago Times to be much liked in Memphis, especially by young people. Mr. Daris is very thin, and looks very old and broken down. Their eldest daughter, a gentle and graceful young woman, is married and lives in Memphis. They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, Jefferson Davis, Jr. He is about twenty-two years of age, and has his mother's large, not handsoms, face, and is an awkward, loquacious, good-natured sort of an overgrown boy. The Davis family is comparatively poor now.

All communications should be addressed to "Ed-on Interest our correspondents." All communications should be addressed to "Ed-cor Intelligencer," and all checks, drafts, money eders, de, should be under a palle to the order E. E. MURRAY & CO., Anderson, S. O.

FISH CULTURE.

An Interesting Article from a Distinguish ed Scientist.

From the Columbia Register.

"Fish are so prolific" says the distin-

"Fish are so prolific" says the distinguished naturalist Buffon, "that if the product of a pair of herring could be protected, in twenty years they would fill a space as large as the earth."

Logan, in his history of the upper part of South Carolina, describes the streams as so crowded with herring, that the water wascarce visible. Naturalists say that no herrings were ever found in our streams, and that the word shad should be substituted for that of herring. Some forty, or less years ago, it was customary for wagons to come from a distance of forty or more miles to the Seneca and other tributaries of the Savannah to lay in shad for provision for the year. We have knowledge of the abundance of that fish within the period mentioned. Now, for years, it is seldom that a shad is seen on our tables. It has become so great a rarity, that if they are procured at all, they must be purchased at railroad depots, brought from below on ice. We are informed that the catch in Seneca this season has been sud.

Migralory fish ascend rivers from the

are informed that the catch in Seneca this season has been nul.

Migratory fish ascend rivers from the seas and seek spawning grounds in the upper tributaries, where the water is cool, rapid and well acrated. The young fish (the shad requires three days to emerge from the egg) soon acquire vigor enough to descend to the sea, where they disappear, return the ensuing seather disappear, return the ensuing seather disappear, and again go through the process of replenishing the waters. If the streams are obstracted by dams, wires, or other impediments, such as saw dust from saw mills, which are common on our streams, the dust enters

wires, or other impediments, such as saw dust from saw mills, which are common on our streams, the dust enters the gills and kills the fish. Chemicals in solution, such as sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper, arising from the decomposition of capriferous pyrites, render the water as barren of life as the Dead Sea.

Fish are in vigorous health in the spring, when animals emerge from winter poor in flesh, unhealthy, and unsuitable food for run.

The Catholic hierarchy, ever watchful over the well being of the faithful, make the season of Lent one of fasting, and all animal food is prehibited and fish substituted. The same diet is prescribed for Fridays and perhaps other religious days. This observance dates back to the remote history of the church. Before the march of science and civilization (for they are cotemporary, and the latter dependent upon and subservient to the former,) had installed rap d transit, the service (in Catholic countries) for supplying fish to inland cities was as rapid as that which carried the mail, and on large estates fish ponds were common for breeding and rearing fish, not only for the inmates of the churchau, but the laborers as well. The requirements of the church were under the surveillance of the parish priest.

It is questionable whether any cultivated portion of the earth's surface can be made to yield, on equal acreage, as much food as water.

It is known that the brain contains free, uncombined phosphorus, which is

It is known that the brain contains free, uncombined phosphorus, which is also common to fish, and it has been remarked that those who worked the brain most generally manifested a proclivity for fish diet or brain foud.

Much has been written and practiced on pisciculture, since the discovery of artificial incubation of fish eggs. The nea and fresh water have been closely investigated, and the art is now become one of national and individual importance. Mathus wrote and predicted that the exuberance of man's production would, at some future, surpass the posible supply of food. That au are in his calculation disregarded the anknown power, the vast ocean, where nature is collecting and reserving the seed of vitality, which is daily escaping from cultivated lands. At all events, Mathus prediction of the destiny of the human race is stayed, for a time, through the aid of science, which shows itself adequate to the situation, in the aid of nature, in the production of human food. Seth Green, of New York, is one of the pioneers in that branch of practical plonears in that branch of practical science, and justly honored for his eninent services in the art of increasing and cheapening the production of human food,

food,

It was our pleasure and satisfaction to see within the last month our distinguished friend, Professor Baird, the eminent naturalist, now United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisherles. We learned from him that he had introduced new and more certain practice in the art of artificial incubation of fish. Instead of sains the artificial incubation of fish. Instead of using the ordinary water of running streams, which always contains running streams, which always contains more or less sculmentary matter, which collected upon the eggs and destroyed their vivility, he new substitutes pure or filtered water. The eggs or spawn are placed in suitable constructions, which are immersed in pure water, depending upon steam power to give agitation and seration, thus vivifying and saving from destruction a larger proportion of the eggs that by the older method, which was a vast improvement upon nature.

was a vast improvement upon nature.

Professor Baird has brought the California salmon, and is introducing them into our rivers which empty into the Atlantic. That fish, Professor B. informs us, is independent of the temperature of the water, whereas the salmon which comes from the rivers in Maine will not live in the waters of Southern rivers. We saw a fine appearance of salmon which comes from the rivers in Maine will not live in the waters of Southern rivers. will not live in the waters of Southern rivers. We saw a tine specimen of saimon taken from the Delaware River. The fish was preserved in alcohol, and the eggs also, to show that it was production. He had also a shad taken from the Chio, where, previous to artificial production and planting, no shad were known. The carp from the Danabo, a superior edible fish, is now being procreated, and is, or will soon be, distributed to our different rivers suitable for its permanent existence; always provided that laws be instituted and enforced to prevent private cupidity from forced to prevent private cupidity from extinguishing the run and breed. The Savanrah is claimed by the State of

The Savanrah is claimed by the State of Georgia to low water mark nearly on the Carolina side; but the Savannah is under the jurisdiction of the United States, and cannot be turned or obstructed in the course of its waters, and is a natural highway for fish. Obstructions are placed in the river, at different points, by gill nets, which stop the run of fish, which, by Providence, belong to the Sevannah, which tributaries of the Sevannah, which tributaries run through and belong to the State of South Carovannah, which tributaires run and belong to the State of South Caro-lina, and it would appear that all ob-structions preventing fish ascending are contrary to natural law, and about be abated as abuses and nulsances. T. G. C.

An onnce of preven on is better than a Dound of cure. A dose of Dr. Raile Baby Syrup will assist 'Year Faby in teething, and prevent it from being at tacked by Cholera Infantain, Colle, 25 other diesses Babies suffer rails.